EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE
AND GOSPEL ADVOCATE.

Devoted to Theoretical and Practical Religion, Free Enquiry, Religious Liberty, and Intelligence.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL.—PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—St. Paul.

Vol. IV. [New Series.] UTICA, N. Y., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1833. No. 9.

THE PREACHER.

ORIGINAL SERMON.....No. V.

Delivered at Leyden, N. Y., on Christmas Eve, 1832,

BY S. W. FULLER.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

Luke ii: 10, 11.

The providence of our Creator relative to mankind, has been marked into distinct and notable periods, by striking and signal exhibitions of his greatness and goodness in the production, instruction, preservation and salvation of our race. These signal periods have called forth the admiration of mankind, in all ages and places of the world, when and where the Almighty has been known, revered and worshipped; and a public expression of the feelings excited by the recollection of these events, has been esteemed proper and profitable by the devout worshippers of God, at suitable seasons and times.

May I now be permitted to lead your minds into the consideration and contemplation of the great Eternal, at the period of his providence just previous to, and in the creation of this vast globe which we inhabit—vast indeed to us—when we single it out from all his works, for separate and distinct consideration! This earth, with all its numerous inhabitants, ere yet the creating word had gone forth, stood before the ken and perception of the Majesty on high, with every leaf of its wonderful, and to us, untold contents, open and known before him.—Standing in his own inexpressible greatness—surrounded by his own indescribable glory, and filled with infinite goodness—the splendor of his already finished works hanging before him—while adoring seraphs worshipped around. Then—*then*, the Almighty, with wisdom unerring and power inconceivable, by a word brought into being this world, and peopled its face with moral and intellectual inhabitants.—Yet all its charms and beauties lay buried in chaotic darkness, till "God said let there be light, and there was light!" The morning stars held their harps in suspense—the sons of God waited the bidding of the Eternal for leave to praise. Hark! the hallowed voice is heard—"I behold all my works, and they are very good." The morning stars struck their lyres in ecstacy and sang together, and all the sons of God echoed the glorious strain, and shouted aloud for joy! The triumphant song rolled on in the broad arched mansions of heaven—"Great and marvellous are thy works, O God, for in wisdom hast thou made them all. And thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor, and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created!"

This is a faint and feeble description of the celebration that followed the introduction of man into natural life, and furnishes data to lead on our minds in anticipation for the future destiny of our race.

The infant world dropt from the hand of its creating Author in a condition to require the constant and unremitted attention and superintendence of his providence and protection to sustain it in its astonishing flights and revolutions among the many orbs that sparkle in the canopy of our heavens. Its inhabitants, during their earthly pilgrimage, are made subject to vanity and liable to many sorrows, toils and disappointments, though ever panting, in anxious and eager desire, for a happiness which earth has yet refused to yield. The intervention of the Supreme, guided by paternal love, has been adapted to their wants and moral capacity to enjoy; and is calculated to expand and purify the soul, and lead the devout and dependent heart up to himself, in sincere and grateful devotion; there to rest its highest and holiest hopes on the changeless ocean of his love. The imperfections of our present best enjoyments are calculated to wean our affections from all sublunary things, and leave our souls at liberty to seek another and nobler inheritance, where the deceptions, disappointments and miseries that attend us here will overtake us no more forever; and mortality solemnly admonishes us to look beyond this frail and dying world for the highly valued treasure we hope to find, as no lasting enjoyment is promised here.

Man in his first estate, without the hope of another, is, at best, but vanity. The purest and holiest attachments of time are broken and severed before the most chastened anticipation is satisfied; and the awakened affections are doomed to fly in search of some more substantial resting place; or, driven by disappointment, they turn within, and prey upon the heart they once fed with their consolations. And even if mortals were allowed to grasp, without disappointment, the alluring pleasures of time, their participation would sink into satiety, and satiety is ever followed by disgust. But even allowing all our pleasures perfect in their time, yet the fact that they must soon be terminated by the fell destroyer, death, is alone sufficient to blast our joy, where no faith yields the hope of a promised heaven on high—a living, lasting heritage beyond the veil.

The bending form of age warns the tottering passenger that he is stepping to the tomb—and the bleached locks that thinly cover his brow, have been justly called blossoms for the grave—while the young heart, tuned by generous and grateful emotions, thinks over the question that he will soon be left to ask, and sighs, "Our fathers, where are they?" And even youth, that seemingly blossoms alone for life, often tells the sad and solemn tale of mortality, "the young too may die." When death has laid his icy hand on those we love, and we mourn without hope, where then shall we seek consolation? The many charms of nature then lose their power to please, for the human sympathy that gave a value to nature's beauties is wanting, and with it all the zest of life is fled! Our affections, then, all hang around the departed—then we find cause to sigh—and the plaintive prayer, extorted by the rack of nature, now implores a higher and happier creation than that which engaged the morning stars to sing, and called forth a shout of joy from the admiring sons of God. *That* transcendent morning is announced in the language of our text. "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." *This* was the dawning of an immortal period, when the harbinger day-star broke the gloomy cloud which had so long hung in darkness over the valley of the shadow of death, and the light of life immortal beamed upon "those who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage." It beamed, too, with deliverance to the captive, and the promise of the liberty of the children of God to the sin-bound soul.

We are assembled, this evening, to commemorate the anniversary of this important era, in the providence of God, and the history of man. In order to appreciate with due interest the importance of this notable period, it may be proper for us to take a brief survey of the world as it lay in a moral chaos of hopeless iniquity, under the fatal influence of idolatry, or Paganism and corrupted Judaism, at the advent of our Saviour. By consulting the history of the world about the period our Lord made his appearance in it, we shall be sensible of man's inability to guide the bark of life in the way that leads to purity and peace, unaided by instruction and wisdom from the Father of mercies and the Counsellor of truth.

The moral and religious condition of the Jews appears to have been dark as Egyptian night, and their future prospects hopeless as the groans of despair. A favored few monopolized most of the advantages and enjoyments a sensual system of religion and a tributary state could afford, while the great mass of the people were sunk in the dismal vale of iniquity, and doomed by their ignorance to grovel in the dreary walks of servitude to the great.—Neither the enjoyments of this life nor the hopes of the future, were afforded them in any good degree—for, if they cultivated the earth, or drest the fruitful vintage, some haughty lord or pampered priest grasped the harvest, and converted the fruit to his own use. If they turned to the sanctuary, and sought there to soothe their sorrows or assuage their grief, no light from heaven raised their downcast eye, or healed their wounded hearts. Gilead's sovereign balm lay buried in the horrid and mystical traditions received, long ere this period, from their intercourse with the Heathen.

If this was the sad condition of the Jews, to whom pertained the promises, and whose were

the fathers, what shall we think of the dense darkness that overspread the Gentile world?—*Their* very religion was, of all things, most calculated to corrupt, and the more deeply they were imbued with its principles, the more wretched was their state. The frightful horrors of their imaginary and cruel retributions in a coming world, awed the ignorant vulgar into implicit compliance with the arrogant exactions of their insolent priests and religious leaders, who unhesitatingly made them the tools of their ambition, or the subjects of their vile gratification.

Mark that Heathen mourner! The fond and doating mother stands by the tomb of her once lovely offspring. Her head is bowed down like the bulrush—her eyes are fixed upon the cold and senseless clod of the valley, and all the remaining energy of her affections is engaged in fruitless effort to gain some evidence on which she may build the hope of one more fond embrace. She hears no voice of consolation from above, to raise her drooping spirit from the dark image of her contemplation. No ministering angel is there, to soothe her anguish or allay her lamentation. Nought—nought but night hangs around her—nought is felt, save death's cold presence, and nought dreaded but the gloom of the grave! Oh, what is life, now, to such a sufferer? What earthly possession would not, then, be exchanged for hope beyond the vale! The wealth of India, the gold of Ophir, the diamonds of Golconda and silver of Potosi, are all empty bubbles and sickening toys.

Thus lay the world at the advent of our Saviour. Thus lies much, too much of it *now*. The boasted powers of reason failed, and still fail to reform or bless; and, unaided by Revelation, seem calculated but to aggravate our woe! Was there no eye to pity? Was there no arm to save? Yes, the Lord is good unto all and his tender mercies are over all his works. The Father loved the world—his own arm brought salvation—his own compassions purchased redemption. He sent his Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world, through him, might be saved. The legate from the skies appears, and in the language of our text announces the arrival of the Son of God and the Saviour of the world.—The heavenly delegation accompany their triumphant hosannah, with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

This transcendant song of the heavenly host ushered in the dawning of an immortal day, with the promise of "good tidings to all people," for Jesus the Saviour was born. No regal trappings decorated the new-born Prince—no glittering crown of earth rested on his majestic brow—but the sceptre of everlasting righteousness was committed to his hands, and the spirit and wisdom of truth, and eternal life to the believer, was bestowed upon him without measure. His kingdom was, emphatically, "*not of this world*," and the hearts of all men were the empire in which he was destined to reign. To conquer all hearts was the aim and object of his mission, and he was not to fail nor be discouraged till "he should set judgment in the earth, and cause the isles to wait for his law;" and "his name was called *Jesus* because he should save his people from their sins." As his kingdom is not of this world, so no earthly splendors attend his course. The noise of war, and din of politics flee from the [illegible] of his way. The wealth and opulence of the great—titles and loud sounding epithets, though the admiration of the world, would tarnish the lustre of his character, and degrade the dignity of his mission. Compassionating humanity, the suffering sons and daughters of Adam, are the objects of his commiseration, and, we are assured, will all be the subjects of his grace, and the joint heirs of his love.

Much, much has the mission of Jesus already done. But when the noon-day splendors of his reign shall arrive, the glory and the blessedness of the eternal Father shall fill every heart with ecstacy, and tune every tongue to his praise. "Come, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, take my yoke upon you and you shall find rest to your souls!" is his gracious and affectionate proclamation.

"Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
Earth has no sorrow, that Heaven cannot cure."

No longer is the afflicted mourner doomed to lament in hopeless despair; light, pure and perennial, shines from the portals of immortal glory, and sinful and sorrowing man is invited to believe the proclamation and live—*live* in hope of undefiled and unfading glory beyond the grave. The sighing mother, weeping over her withering offspring, smiles even in her tears, supported by her confidence in God, and cheered by the prospect of an everlasting embrace and an inseparable union, with her loved one, when she too shall have passed the intervening vale.

Well might the heavenly delegation accompany the nativity of Jesus with hosannahs to God in the highest, if they were permitted to have a prospective view of his high and holy conquests, and the great and glorious result of his mediatorial reign—"when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ!" Well may we, the humble believers in his sacred doctrine, meet together to mingle our prayers and spiritual songs and thank-offerings, on this anniversary evening of our Redeemer's birth—grateful to God who created us—grateful for the gift of his Son by whom we are redeemed, and grateful for the light of his Son's Gospel, by which our hearts are made glad in this house of our God! Happy, thrice happy are we, if we carry our minds forward to the proclamation of life from the dead, when Jesus triumphed over death, lead captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men, by bringing life and immortality to light through the Gospel. This consideration will awaken new and exhilirating emotions in our hearts, and excite that warm and devotional gratitude the occasion demands. Our text assures us that the Saviour was born for all men; and the Scriptures explicitly teach that he tasted death for every man, and that he rose again for their justification. Yea, *he was born for all, he died for all—he rose and reigns for all, and will reign over all!* "For since by man came death, by man, also, came the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.—Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, all things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted who did put all things under him; and when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also, himself, be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." (1 Cor. xv.) In another place the same apostle informs us what the nature of this subjection is, of which he was speaking above, by saying, "And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

Here, then, is the nature of the subjection unfolded—here the call for us to be reconciled to God. What greater, what better commendation of God's love can we require? What can more sensibly affect our hearts than this feeling and affectionate address? Here the loving kindness of Almighty God, comes down to us in the tone and tenderness of paternal love, and beseechingly calls upon us to be reconciled to him! Has God ever been unkind to his children? Has he ever forsaken them, or turned a deaf ear to their cries? What has been his providence towards us, but one unbroken chain of compassion and commiseration? And, now, when we have strayed from the fold of his love—when we have forsaken his altars and forgotten his goodness—when we have long turned a deaf ear to his calls of love and protestations of mercy—now, as if the bosom of the Eternal overflowing with compassion could do no more—we are called upon in the name of Jesus—we are called upon by all the amiable and tender and sympathetic manners of his exalted life—by all the purity and wisdom and authority of his precepts—and besought by all the untold sufferings of Gethsemane—and all the agonies of Calvary—by all the hopes of heaven, and all the light and life and peace of the Gospel of Christ, to be reconciled to God. Come, then, come all that are weary and heavy laden—come to the Gospel—come taste and see that the Lord is good!

"Come all mankind, come sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now."

Come, parley no longer with your doubts and fears. No, "*fear not;* for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." If we hear not this expression of kindness—if we neglect this testimony of compassion, and still go on in rebellion, what can we expect to gain? Why should we think evil of our God? Why do we not embrace the overtures of the Gospel? And why not, in deep, and sincere, and humble penitence for our past follies and sins, find a laver of regeneration to our hearts, in which to wash away our impurities? O let us be captivated by the compassion and mercy of God, and doubt no longer. Then shall we appreciate the gift of a Saviour—then shall we hail with peculiar joy the anniversary of his birth—then shall we look with holy confidence along the journey of his eventful life—then shall we gather up the gracious precepts of his lips, and drink the living water of his doctrine, till we feel the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, and embrace that peace which passes all knowledge—

then be filled with all joy and peace in believing; and by the eye of faith look forward to the final result of the Messiah's mission; when we shall awake in his likeness, and when our ransomed race shall find new and immortal employment in the presence of God, for all their then, beatified powers forever. For the Scriptures inform us that there shall be a new and a sublimer creation, when the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and he will dwell with them in a new and living sense, and they shall be his people and God himself shall be their God; who will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things shall have passed away. Yes, the sorrows, and troubles, and trials, and disappointments, and distresses, and even the death of this mortal state, shall be known and feared no more forever. But one immortal day shall exclude the night, and one universal joy shall dispel every sorrow and dissipate every gloom.

But this glorious existence belongs to the resurrection state; when "that which is sown in corruption shall have been raised in incorruption, and that which is sown in dishonor shall have been raised in glory, and that which is sown in weakness shall have been raised in power." For "as we have borne the image of the earthy Adam we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I show you a mystery, we shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed; for this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality. So when this corruption shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. And then shall the creation be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." (Rom. viii.) Then will commence the last loud celebration which has no end, and one universal choir will unite in the triumphant song, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" "And every creature which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and *all* that are in them, shall be heard, saying, Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever!" Hallelujah, the Lord Omnipotent reigneth—hallelujah and glory forever and ever! Amen.

"If we draw our ideas of God from the doctrine of the Partialists, he appears in the character most proper to inspire aversion. Devotees, who tell us that they sincerely love their God, are either liars or fools, who see their God only in profile. It is impossible to love a being, the very idea of whom strikes us with terror, and whose judgments make us tremble. How can we, without being alarmed, look upon a God, who is reputed to be barbarous enough to damn us? Let not divines talk to us of filial, respectful fear, mixed with love, which men ought to have for their God. A son can by no means love his father, when he knows him to be cruel enough to inflict upon him studied torments for the least faults he may commit. No man upon earth can have the least spark of love for a God, who reserves chastisements, infinite in duration and violence, for ninety-nine hundredths of his children."

[*For the Magazine and Advocate.*]

Messrs. Skinner and Grosh—It is with pleasure that I announce to you the prosperity of the great and glorious cause of the Gospel of impartial grace in this vicinity. In vain have these modern whirlwinds of fanaticism, called "protracted and anxious meetings," infested this region—the glorious cause of impartial grace, still stands firm, and all the missiles of malignity and spleen, fall harmless at our feet. Br. Smith now labors with us, with power and good effect. He is an able and useful herald of the "good tidings of great joy." The mighty holds of superstition already begin to tremble, and many, I trust, have of late had the scales effectually removed from their eyes—have cast off the galling chains which have long bound them down to the cars of "endless wrath and torment," and emerged into the glorious light and liberty of the doctrine of endless bliss and peace. A few of the Partialist ministry, have rendered themselves quite conspicuous in declaiming in the pulpit with phrenzied zeal and inveteracy against Universalism. Little, however, is adduced but bare assertion, and gross misrepresentations, mixed with sneers and calumny—yes, even individual invective—but, when called upon to make good their assertions in familiar conversation, the subject generally is evaded—and even in many instances, when a promise is extorted from them, that they will attend to the business by and by—that they will "sieze the pen and confute Universalism effectually *upon a scrap of paper of a hand's breadth*"—they never get time to perform it. Notwithstanding I, for one, have had a positive promise from a certain Elder that he would thus write a confutation of Universalism, yet so far from fulfilling, he has partially denied his engagement, and appears now to treat me with a spirit of contempt. Now, Messrs. Editors, publish the following letter, and you will confer a favor upon me, and I think the cause of truth will be benefitted by it. You are aware that I have already written him two letters through the columns of the Advocate, which he has read, but never answered. But by no means is he silent in the pulpit, where he frequently preaches against the sentiment. Let him come boldly forth and fulfil his *promise*, then, and not till *then*, will his character for veracity and candor be repaired. N. B.

FRIENDLY LETTER NO. III.

To Elder H. Miner, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Henrietta.

Dear Sir—It is with a degree of regret, that I address you in so public a manner, and under circumstances so peculiar, as it respects your character for candor and veracity. Possibly you may say, that I write this out of some sinister motive, or to gratify a spirit of invective—yet, Sir, I will frankly say, that nothing short of a sense of *duty* to the cause of *truth*, and to yourself, elicits this friendly letter, written in candor and sincerity, hoping you may examine prayerfully, the impropriety of your conduct in regard to the circumstances to which I allude.

Did you not, soon as you was fully aware of my being a believer in the Gospel of "impartial grace," instead of familiarly conversing with me upon the subject, (as I often requested,)—avoid giving any proofs of the assertions and gross misrepresentations which you were so forward in making in your sermons, prayers and exhortations, but gave a solemn promise to forward me your written views, and an effectual refutation of the doctrine of Universalism? A long time has elapsed, and no confutation, or an attempt at it, has yet appeared. I have repeatedly written you upon the subject, couched in the most friendly language, that you would fulfil your engagement; or, at least render some satisfactory reason why you treated me with such apparent neglect. But all in vain. Apprehending that the letters had miscarried in some manner, I made inquiry and ascertained the letters still remained in the Postoffice, and that being informed they came from me, you refused taking them out, although the postage was nothing, or at least trifling. I could, if necessary, stop the narration here, and make a few digressions upon that amiable Christian spirit, that meek and charitable temper of yours, which seems to be portrayed in such glaring colors, deducible from the above—but presuming the reader will anticipate them, and make comments to suit himself—for the present I refrain.

Now let me ask you, dear Elder, if it is possible that you are a firm believer at heart of your favorite doctrine, Partialism? Do you really believe there is such dreadful misery awaiting all believers in impartial grace? Do you believe, and are you fully aware of the dreadful fate of your humble servant, if he should die in the faith of impartialism? How is it that your bowels of compassion yearn over the situation of poor impenitent sinners, as you often pathetically and emphatically assert, and yet, one in the very ranks of infidelity and impenitence—one who is standing and tottering on the very brink of endless woe—receives such marked tokens of neglect, and is treated with such a degree of contempt? Is it not your bounden duty, to use every effort to dispel error, and disseminate truth? To convince the ungodly of the evil of their ways, &c.? And when you see me, "a poor deluded Universalist," how manfully should you wield your two edged sword of endless misery, in convincing me of my error—how ought you to bring to the charge the whole armament of God's eternal ire, and array flames, ghosts, demons, and all the hosts of terror, as the portion, the eternal portion of those who believe in the Gospel of universal grace—glad tidings of joy to all people. When you have thus worked upon his fears, and rendered him delirious with terror—when you have exhausted your magazine of terror, then begin to tell how Jesus came to save all believers in Partialism *from an endless hell*, instead of *from their sins*—that he died for a *part*—the *elect*—instead of *the whole world*, and that if the sinner will but believe God to be an inflictor of infinite ruin and misery upon the greater part of his intelligent offspring—or, become willing himself to bask in sulphurous flames of an endless hell, there to curse and blaspheme God through ceaseless ages, and all for the *glory* of God, and the *happiness* of his saints—then, and not until then you would acknowledge one to be a candidate for heaven. I hope you will take the above into consideration, and repair in some measure your character for consistency, prove yourself an able champion of the cross, and one that is responsible for the blood of "poor immortal souls."

Let me ask you, how you expect to acquit yourself at the "great day of rendering up of accounts," when your garments will be found stained with the *blood* of immortal souls—when you find that, by your neglect, *one* poor soul has been hurled down to the regions of grim despair! What then will be your case? How wilt thou acquit thyself in that day? Think of these things, dear Elder, before it is too late, and may you find repentance, joy and faith in the belief of the truth.

The columns of the Magazine and Advocate are at your service, if you will redeem your promise through them, providing you do it in meekness and candor. If you do not redeem your promise, the inference will be drawn, that you plead *guilty*—or that you are (to be plain) fearful of entering into a candid investigation of the *truth*, lest your attempt will be abortive.

But by all means, I would advise you, as a friend, to seize the pen and seriously write the long threatened *confutation* of Universalism, upon "a little scrap of paper of a hand's breadth" and length—publish it to the world with the striking caption, in glaring capitals, "*Confutation of Universalism*"! O what a harvest of precious souls will you then gain to the Lord! O what weeping, wailing, and terror will spread itself through the Universalist *ranks*, and there will be one universal "giving up" of the doctrine of "love, peace, and infinite mercy to all men," and in its stead will they receive the joyous and happifying, soul-cheering doctrine of "infinite hatred and partiality" as a rich exchange! Then you may possibly atone for your previous apathy and neglect—and at last receive the welcome plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I beseech you to bear this in mind, and again, with all due respect, I subscribe myself, yours, &c. N. Brown.

Henrietta, January 30, 1833.

[*For the Magazine and Advocate.*]

RELIGIOUS PUFFING.

Every subject has a character in some respects peculiar to itself, and has a particular phraseology attached to it, which is less appropriate when applied to any other. Nature has provided for these things, in the sympathies and emotions with which she has kindly favored us. And she is true to her trust, and uniform in her dictates—having strongly marked the line of discrimination between different subjects and different men.

Thus, the subjects which relate to science and philosophy, are treated with gravity, and the terms in which they are described, are plain and definite: on the contrary, subjects of mere amusement, receive an appropriate style of language. Were we to describe a scene of joy in the language of lamentation, or one of mourning in the words of hilarity, every person would perceive and feel the incongruity. So, again, when we mean to delineate character, we never think of applying the same terms and epithets to persons whose mental characteristics, professions and pursuits are wholly dissimilar. For instance, who would describe Dr. Johnson, in the terms and phrases which he would apply to Garrick—or portray the rigid and uncompromising integrity of Luther, in the language with which he would distinguish the facetious Sterne?

Some few subjects have, by a kind of public license—at least by common consent—obtained the unenviable prerogative of being described and known almost exclusively by the language of hyperbole. And in consequence, the professions and persons connected with these subjects, are distinguished for the use of the most extravagant terms of exaggeration. An auctioneer's bill, or a lottery-ticket vender's scheme, will furnish the reader an illustration of this subject, that no language can convey. This mode of crying up and describing things, is called *puffing*, and when used in relation to the subjects, and by the class of men above named, passes for what it is worth, and no one is deceived. But when applied to other things and other men, it leads to mistakes, produces false impressions, and for the gratification of some one person, disgusts a thousand.

But of all the places, in which the practice of puffing prevails, the *church* is the most unsuitable—of all possible subjects, *religion* least needs such aid—and of all the men in the whole world, *preachers* are the very last to whom it should be applied. Will religious men speak of the devotional services of the sanctuary, in the terms with which they would describe a comedy—and of the labors of a decent clergyman, as they would of some eminent opera singer, or mountebank!

Universalist preachers, who are not Editors of papers, certainly feel grateful for every well-meant courtesy from those that are, but we beg permission respectfully, but earnestly, to remonstrate against the use of terms calculated to convey the notion of any thing very extraordinary, either in the talents, acquirements, or eloquence of any of us. As a denomination, it is notorious that there is nothing very remarkable about us—unless it be the fact, that with so few resources we have succeeded so well, and sustained ourselves against all opposition.

In the name of charity, then, let us neither be spoken of in the terms of adulation, appropriated to the native sovereigns of some oriental countries—nor yet in the flippant hyperbole which describes the wares of an auction room. And as we are neither the one nor the other of these things—neither are we in general, to be bought or sold—we must be excused for not seeing the propriety of such descriptions. We are as far from feeling the least gratification in this species of praise, as we are from deserving the fulsome and adulatory epithets in which it is expressed. We, however, make this apology for Editors, that they but follow out a precedent which were better expunged from the canons of publication.

Ministers of religion are so much like other men, as to be susceptible of all the feelings of pride and ambition, common to others. They should not, therefore, be flattered—much less should they flatter each other. It is probably due to them, and for their encouragement, to know that their labors are acceptable, for faithfulness and well-doing. But it cannot be necessary for this purpose, that their abilities, or their efforts, be spoken of in terms, which, if they are worth any thing, are only calculated to foster false ideas of one's own consequence.

Take the following as a sample of religious puffing—but which wants much of the unction which, of late, marks some of these proofs of "brotherly kindness." In a grave account of a religious meeting, you find something very like this:—"The Rev. Mr. A. B. delivered a discourse in his best style, as he always does—the language was chaste, rich, and pathetic. The congregation, which was very respectable and numerous, gave the most fixed attention, and seemed wrapped in ecstacy, by the full and bursting eloquence of the speaker. We had the pleasure, too, of meeting our young Br. C. D., who is already distinguished for his fine, bold and impetuous style of oratory, and from the specimen he gave us, in a very appropriate and interesting *prayer*, we predict he will soon rank among our most eminent speakers." At another time, we are told in substance, that, "Br. E. F., whose conversion to Universalism we announced a few weeks since—has been installed pastor of the new society in G. H. With his known talents, piety, zeal, and truly classic attainments, the happiest results may be anticipated. His colloquial talents are of the first order, and he is rich in biblical lore!"

Now we appeal to the candid, if something very like this disgusting flummery, does not often pass under the eye, in running over the columns of a religious paper. A stranger is filled with admiration, and is all impatience to see and hear these extraordinary men. By and by, one of these great, learned, talented and eloquent old, or young men, makes his appearance, when—lo! he differs very little from other men of his profession!

But unhappily it sometimes occurs, that these fine descriptions are wholly gratuitous—neither suiting the case nor the man. And the writer of this article knows of more than one instance, where nothing but an utter ignorance of the subject, can apologize for the use of the grossest terms of praise. These things, instead of benefitting, really injure those to whom they are applied—and what is of more importance, they are often, and perhaps justly looked upon by our lay-brethren, as pitiful attempts to bring into notoriety, those concerning whom they feel themselves abundantly capable of forming correct opinions.

Tendering our acknowledgements to those Editors to whom any puffing obligations may be due, we beg they will accept the above as our humble view of the impropriety of *religious puffing*.

S. R. S.

[*For the Magazine and Advocate.*]

CONFERENCE AT TRUXTON.

In compliance with a previous notice, a number of ministering brethren and laymen convened at Truxton, January 30th. It being suggested by them, a Council was formed, of which Br. J. Chase, Jr., was chosen Moderator, and Br. George Sanderson, Clerk.

A committee on the order of services was then chosen, viz: Brs. Osborn, (layman,) Foster and Babcock, (ministers). No business of importance coming before the Council, we adjourned to the next morning at nine o'clock, and proceeded to attend public worship.

Thursday morning. Council convened. Committee reported the order of services for the day. Voted, that Br. Sanderson prepare the Minutes of this meeting, attended with such remarks as he may think proper. No business coming before the Council, adjourned.

ORDER OF PUBLIC SERVICES.

Wednesday morning.—Introductory prayer by Br. J. Chase—Sermon by Br. Queal, Matt. v: 44—Concluding prayer by Br. Eaton.

Afternoon.—Introductory prayer by Br. Foster—Sermon by Br. Sanderson, Mark xvi: 15, 16—Concluding prayer by Br. Sherburne.

Evening.—Introductory prayer by Br. Freeman—Sermon by Br. D. Biddlecom, Matt. x: 7—Benediction by the same.

Thursday morning.—Introductory prayer by Br. Queal—Sermon by Br. J. Freeman, Rom. viii: 38, 39—Benediction by the same.

Afternoon.—Introductory prayer by Br. Sanderson—Sermon by Br. Chase, John v: 28, 29—Addresses and benediction by the same.

Being under the necessity of leaving before evening, we are unprovided with the particulars of the services. Sermon by Br. Sherburne.

There were eleven ministering brethren present; as usual, harmony and brotherly love prevailed. A respectable number of hearers listened with satisfaction, and, from what we can learn, instruction to the messages of joy and peace that were delivered. Truxton has long been considered a strong hold and citadel of Partialism. But the progress of mental emancipation is visible in many respectable families of this village. A horrid and dismal future is dispelled, and present joy and peace have succeeded, in view of that goal of imperishable felicity beyond the dreary mansions of the grave, when God shall welcome a ransomed world to himself in glory.—We are satisfied that this joy unspeakable and full of glory now dwells in the bosoms of some in this place, who, before the Conference, knew not what it was, being in bondage to fear and torment. May the Lord prosper this people is their laudable efforts to rescue those around them from stigmatizing his character, and their exertions to extend the mild, peaceable and heart-cheering doctrines of Jesus.

Much credit and gratitude are due to the Baptist society of Truxton, in permitting us the use of their house on this occasion. Such liberality speaketh better things, than that bigotted, haughty, and unchristian spirit which are often seen when applications are made for the meeting-houses of our opposers. From this instance of generosity, will they take pattern, and "go and do likewise." We cannot close this article without expressing our emotions of gratitude, for the hospitality and kind treatment which we received from our friends in this place. May the Lord strengthen their minds in faith, their hands in good works, and add many to their numbers.

GEORGE SANDERSON.

[*For the Magazine and Advocate.*]

PROPRIETY.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I give you a specimen of Partialist consistency and propriety. Not long since at a protracted meeting in this vicinity, a zealous champion of Partialism, the Rev. S——, endeavored by a long chain of arguments, to prove that the salvation of poor sinners was obtained by efforts alone, i. e. the efforts of saints exclusively. Hear his words, which I shall give verbatim. "My dear brothers and sisters, I am afraid we do not feel enough, pray enough, and act and *do* enough for *poor perishing sinners*. O, be assured of this *fact*, that unless *we do* act more *consistently*, it will certainly be a harder task for *us* to *save* poor immortal souls! and of course they must sink to endless perdition, without *we* are more zealous in the work!"

It appears evident from the above, that this Rev. S—— dared to assume the prerogative of Christ himself, of saving poor sinners, actually curtailing or excluding God, Christ, or even the poor sinner from having any voice in the matter! N. B.

Henrietta, January 30, 1833.

[*For the Magazine and Advocate.*]

LETTER TO REV. W. BULLARD.

Exeter, February 5, 1833.

SIR—I have received your second epistle. My reason for not answering your first, was, I did not consider either the *letter*, or its *author worthy* of my *attention*. And *if* there are such reports in circulation, as you complain of in your last—I know not *where* they originated, nor by *whom* they have been circulated. Let this close the correspondence.

I am yours, &c. GEORGE HARMAN.

Rev. WALTER BULLARD.

REMARKS.

In reply to the above letter from Elder Harman, which I here give to the public, I would say—let the people judge of its merits—let the reader decide whether his reason for not answering my first epistle, be just or not. It is a common saying, that "a poor excuse is better than none"—precious little too, in this case! Further comments from me, unworthy as I am, are unnecessary. W. BULLARD.

[For the Magazine and Advocate.]

FOUR REASONS FOR BELIEVING PARTIALISM.

Some say if they believed Universalism to be true, they would not make it known, for if they should, they would be looked upon with scorn and contempt, and would be obliged to suffer reproach from its opposers. I believe this to be the case of many at the present day, and if it is, and they are not willing to take up their cross and follow Christ, they cannot be his disciples. I would say to all such, Are you not willing to suffer reproach as well as the apostles? 1 Tim. iv: 10, "Therefore we both labor and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God who is the Saviour of all men." The above expression led me to believe that every Partialist has four reasons for believing Partialism.

1. Because his parents believed it; and as he is told by them that it is taught in the Bible, he is not willing to suffer their reproach.

2. Because he goes to the preachers for instruction, and they tell him that they have received the spirit of God, which teaches them to spiritualize and understand Scripture right, which he has not, neither can he understand the Bible, unless born again and possessed of the same spirit. Receiving the above as truth, with considerable home-made Scripture, which they tell him is as follows: viz. "As the tree falls so it shall lie—As death leaves us, so judgment will find us—At death, they that are unjust let them be unjust still, and they that are holy let them be holy still—and if you die in your sins, whither I go ye cannot come." This they spiritualize, by saying it has reference to the condition of man in eternity.

3. Because it is the most popular doctrine of the day, and he would choose to be as popular as possible.

4. Because the majority believe it, and that is a sure sign of its truth.

I believe there are too many in the present day that put too much dependence upon what the preachers say, and are thereby many times deceived and led astray. I do not wish to be understood as speaking against any who preach what they believe is taught in the Scriptures, but as cautioning all to beware of those who teach the commandments of men, and quote Scripture of their own making. That we may know who these are, let us search the Scriptures, and see whether they teach the truth, and quote Scripture correctly, and I fully believe when we make this our practice, Partialism will become a fable, and vanish away for want of support. Perhaps a Partialist will say, you had better take that advice to yourself. I can tell him I have done so, and that is the very reason why I became a Universalist. I once thought Partialism to be true as well as they, and for the above reasons; but, alas for the partial belief which I possessed! when I gave the Scriptures a thorough examination, I became convinced that it was not there taught, and it vanished away like the dew before the sun; and I believe it will vanish from the minds of our Partialist brethren, in like manner, if they will lay their creeds aside and search the Scriptures, and receive what is there taught. P. S. S.

Lowville, February 13, 1833.

[For the Magazine and Advocate.]

AN IMPURE AND DEFILED RELIGION.

The Presbyterian house at Truxton, being in the centre of the village, and consequently more convenient than the Baptist house, which is out of the village, the society was applied to for the use of it during the Conference, under the following circumstances. A member of that church, who is of intemperate habits was arraigned to answer for his misconduct on a certain occasion, when he had indulged his appetite too freely. A friend to the doctrine of impartial grace, who was the principle witness of the scene, and the only one sufficiently acquainted with the fact to condemn the man, was called upon, and sent for by the church, to give in his testimony in the case then before them. The friend, Mr. O., returned a message to the church, amounting to this; that he would appear and state what he knew concerning the affair, if, in return for this favor, they would permit the Universalists to occupy their meeting-house for a Conference to be holden, not exceeding two days. The church unhesitatingly replied, that they preferred to have a drunkard among their members, than permit the Universalists to occupy their house. The council was dismissed, and the drunkard retained as a pious elect. Reader, how pure, how undefiled do you think such religion is? G. S.

N. B. Abandoned and worthless as the Universalists were in the estimation of the Presbyterians, still it appears that they reposed confidence enough in their veracity to request their evidence in this case, and probably had they obtained it, they would have condemned the man on the strength of it. G. S.

MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

DOLPHUS SKINNER, Editor and Proprietor,
AARON B. GROSH, Associate Editor.

UTICA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1833.

ORDINATION.

On Wednesday, the 20th ult., agreeably to previous notice, an ordaining council convened at Cedarville, in Herkimer county, and at the request of the trustees of the society in that place, proceeded to ordain Br. Orrin Roberts as an Evangelist. The Universalist meeting-house was crowded at an early hour, notwithstanding the sudden inclemency of the weather, and continued silently attentive throughout the whole of the services on the occasion. The performances of the excellent and numerous choir in the society, added much to the beauty and interest of the occasion. I believe it was a day which will long be remembered with pleasure by the society, who are favored with a great portion of our youthful brother's labors, and trust the impression made on all will be long continued for good to them and others.

The following was the order of the services on the occasion. 1. Reading select Scriptures, by Br. S. R. Smith. 2. Hymn. 3. Introductory prayer, by Br. J. Bushnell. 4. Hymn. 5. Sermon, by Br. S. R. Smith, text, 2 Tim. iv: 5. 6. Voluntary by the choir. 7. Ordaining prayer, by Br. J. Potter. 8. Delivery of the Scriptures and Charge, by Br. D. Skinner. 9. Right hand of fellowship, by the writer of this. 10. Voluntary, by the choir. 11. Benediction, by Br. Skinner.

One circumstance more I wish to notice. After the preacher had noticed the *duties* and *doctrines* of the Christian ministry—after delineating the goodness, ever prevalent and paternal character of God, and previous to entering on a description of the *objects* of the Christian ministry—he closed a sentence with—"We can, therefore, at all times, confide in the Lord as 'our shepherd, our guardian and guide.'" Instantly and simultaneously, as had been agreed on, the choir rose up, and sang with much spirit and effect—

> "The Lord is our shepherd our guardian and guide,
> Whatever we want he will kindly provide;
> His care and protection his flock will surround,
> To them will his mercies forever abound."

The effect was strikingly marked in every countenance, and that too, apparently, without decreasing their interest in the sermon, either in what preceded or what followed the introduction of the verse.

May the spirit of the Most High rest, in favor and truth, on pastor and people, and the blessings of Providence prosper in their hands. G.

REV. E. K. AVERY.

The crowded state of our columns, and a reluctance to present a one-sided statement against a person possibly innocent, have hitherto prevented a notice of this man. And even now, as the secular papers have generally noticed it, a brief detail will suffice.

It appears that on the 21st of December last, a Miss Sarah M. Cornell was found suspended by the neck, dead, at Fall River, R. I. From various circumstances, suspicion fell on Rev. Ephraim K. Avery, a Methodist preacher, as being her seducer and murderer. He was arrested and examined by a special court, and discharged, as they alleged, for want of sufficient evidence. The indignation of the people was roused, believing him guilty; measures were taken for arresting him a second time, but he fled. The Legislature of Rhode Island authorized the Governor, who issued his proclamation accordingly, offering $300 for his apprehension. He was finally found, secreted in a private house at Rindge, N. H., and disguised, and is now again in Rhode Island, undergoing a better and more impartial examination.—Letters from him to the victim of his lust and hatred have come to light—also letters from her to her friends, and her *Reverend* seducer and murderer—which with his conduct before the murder, and since his first examination, leave but little room to suppose him innocent.

The Methodists have endeavored to screen Avery, prop up his character, cast suspicion on the testimony adduced against him, and to induce the public to believe that Miss Cornell, having a grudge against Avery, wrote the letters charging him with her seduction, forged the letters from him to her, and then committed suicide to ruin him, by making it appear that he was her murderer! His letters to her are admitted not to be in Avery's *present* hand writing, but are admitted to be very like the hand he wrote about two years ago. But one of the letters is identified by the captain of a boat who received it from Avery and delivered it. He identified Avery as the man by picking him out from among a crowd of clergymen, and the letter by some smut which his fingers left on it at the time of receiving it. The paper on which it is written, is identified as a piece Avery got in a store at Fall River to write a letter on—it agreeing in the color, watermark, and its torn edge, with the piece from which it was torn, and which has since been found by the man who owns the store. Other circumstances go far toward proving his guilt, which we have not room to name.

The following, extracted from acknowledgments made in the Methodist pamphlet, issued to whitewash Avery, are sufficient, I think, to disprove the pretence of suicide. I extract from the New-Haven Examiner.

"The witnesses on the part of the government, who first found the lady agree in the following particulars:—that she had her cloak, hood, and gloves on; that her cloak was hooked all the way down, and her hands under her cloak; her hair very much dishevelled; her comb broken, a part of which was found 20 or 30 rods distant; ☞ no appearance of struggling on the ground about her feet; they were very particular in examining; the line not in a slip noose, but in a knot called two half hitches; the rope was drawn so tight about the neck so deeply imbedded in the flesh, that it could not be cut without cutting the flesh; that it could not have been drawn so tight without ☞ the assistance of some unknown hand!!! ☞ four inches only from the knot to the stake!

"Those that assisted in laying out the body, state the following:—'a dark spot on the back just above the hip bone; marks or prints of an open hand or of some ones fingers on the right side of the abdomen; spots as of the four fingers, and one of the thumbs; 'as if there had been a GRAB there;' knee green; one arm drawn up, impossible to put it in a natural position; elbow turned in; three women attempt to draw it into place, felt something slip, and then it gives way a little; yellowish and black spots, below the shoulder blade; in the yellowish marks appeared to be an indentation; one remarks to another 'there has been some rash violence.' The Doctor says:—knees discolored with the juice of green grass, and scratched as if she had been on the ground, &c.—several wounds so as to start the blood; strangulation caused the death; neck neither broken nor dislocated; the blood round the neck and face not so much discolored ☞ as common in persons hung; another Doctor says: ☞ 'there would NOT have been the same appearance in the case of death by suspension as this'!!! 'there would have been some circulation on the side of the knot, the rope would not have borne equally upon all sides, ☞ unless the neck were broken'!! So much for the SUICIDE!!!

"The following letter was found in Sarah M. Cornell's trunk after her death.

☞ Dated "Fall River, December 8th!!!

"'I will be here on the 20th, if pleasant, at the

place named at 6 o'clock—if not pleasant, the next Monday eve—say nothing."

"I will be here on the 20th"—the very day the murder was committed—which day he is proved to have been ferried across, at 2 o'clock, P. M.—leaves his company—says he will go ALONE!!

A man dressed like Avery was seen walking about the place near where the murder was committed, just at dark (at 6 o'clock the letter says)—he does not return to the ferry until it is too late to go across, and is obliged to stop at the house of a brother in the faith, to whom he says, "It is very cold." Maria Cornell, leaves her boarding-house that evening to go in a direction she never went before; was much more cheerful that afternoon than usual. (This is easily accounted for, as he had promised to take her where she would be safe.—*Ed.*) In her trunk is found a scrap of paper, written upon with a pencil: "If I am missing, inquire of Mr. Avery, Bristol; he will know where I am gone. December 20. S. M. Cornell." Written that very day. Little did she think of the awful doom that awaited her.

On the above, the Editor of the Examiner very justly and appropriately remarks:

In reading this account, published by themselves, we have often paused in unmingled astonishment that the Methodist clergy should dare to presume to gag the public with the story that Sarah M. Cornell committed suicide! Who inflicted the bruises upon this "unfortunate young woman," if she committed suicide? Her cloak hooked all the way down—her gloves on—both hands under her cloak—and yet she fastened the cord herself! Besides—a person who dies by strangulation (the neck not broken) must, of necessity, struggle violently in the agonies of death. But no appearance of struggling—the grass not even broken down about her feet—her cheek lays against the stake (the knot being only from four to six inches from it) and not a single scratch or mark of any kind upon her face! and yet the pious hypocrites dare take a lie in their right hands and say she hung herself. We scarce know which to marvel at the most—the fiend that caused this bloody tragedy—the manufacturers of the falsehoods respecting it—or the propagators of them.

Reader—had a Universalist clergyman done this deed, what would the aiders and abettors and whitewashers of a seducer, adulterer and double murderer have said!—And had Universalists then taken the pains to clear their brother, that these have taken to clear Avery, what damnation would have been hot enough for every member of the denomination? G.

A SUPPOSED CASE.

In Rev. I. S. Ketchum's attack on Universalism, to which our review and reply was published in Nos. 5 and 6 of the current volume of this paper, there was one thrust at Universalism which was not noticed in our published reply. It was a supposed case, like the following: "A black hearted villain assaults an innocent man in his dwelling at the dead of night, robs him of his money, and shoots him dead on the spot—a third person within hearing, being startled at the report of the pistol, approaches the scene, meets the robber just making his escape at the door, and shoots him dead on the spot likewise. Now make any reasonable man believe, if you can, that this robber went to heaven!"

Now as this case was nothing but a *supposition*, and we have just as good a right to *suppose* as neighbor K. has, we will, before attempting a solution of his, introduce another supposition and request Mr. K.'s opinion of it.

There are two men of the most opposite characters imaginable—the one is an upright, moral, industrious and virtuous man, who has always faithfully performed his duty as far as he knew it—he has never wronged or defrauded any man, he has often hushed the cries of the orphan, wiped away the tear of the widow, and filled the mouth of the poor with bread; at the same time he has never been miraculously converted, nor joined the church, nor experienced religion, in the popular acceptation of those phrases. The other man is an old and hardened villain, whose hands have often been crimsoned with the blood of innocence, and whose locks have grown grey in the practices of deception, oppression, seduction, debauchery, theft, robbery and murder. These two men meet each other in the depths of a gloomy forest—the old practiced villain robs the moral man of his money, and in order to prevent detection, murders him on the spot, without a moment's warning. He is at length detected and brought to trial; found guilty of murder, and condemned to be executed within ten days from the time of his conviction. During those ten days he is visited in prison by several pious clergymen, furnished with the Bible, exhorted to repent and make his peace with God—is told there is no reprieve, no ground to expect deliverance from the gallows, and sees and is fully satisfied his fate is sealed. The day of his execution draws nigh, and on that very morning, after all the efforts and prayers of the clergy and all the means that have been employed for his conversion have been apparently exhausted in vain, he at last repents of all his black and manifold crimes, throws himself upon the mercy of God and merits of Christ, and professes to feel an assurance of pardoning grace, just *ten minutes* before the hour of his execution arrives. He ascends the scaffold, the drop falls, he is launched into eternity, and (may we not say, according to Orthodoxy and Mr. K.'s notions?) carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, to rejoice forever in the paradise of God, and from his high seat of glory look down on the *moral man*, whom unwarned he had murdered, now groaning in the depths of hell, because, forsooth, *he* had not experienced that *miraculous conversion* which his *murderer* did; and there, through the unmeasured rounds of measureless eternity, shall this murderer quaff the pure joys of heaven and listen, with extatic delight, to the groans and shrieks, and witness the writhing and tortures unending, of the *innocent victim* of *his* avarice and malignity! And *this* is rewarding men *according to their works! This is justice! this is equity!* is it? So must Mr. K. decide—so says the *Orthodoxy of this orthodox age!* "Now make any reasonable man believe, if you can," that *such* a doctrine as this is the truth of heaven.

Now is it not reasonable to conclude that, if God could convert this hardened murderer in this state of being and fit him for heaven, he could, with at least *equal* ease, convert the moral man (if he needed it) beyond this life, and fit him for the joys of his kingdom? Is it not also reasonable to conclude, that if God allowed so vile and hardened a rebel as this murderer a space and opportunity and means of repentance and reconciliation, he would not deprive the *moral man* (who was far better and nearer the perfection God required) of the opportunity of sharing the like blessing? How, otherwise, can the character of God be vindicated? How, otherwise, can he be cleared from the charge of the greatest partiality and the most abominable cruelty? Add to these considerations the fact that the Bible nowhere confines the means of grace and salvation wholly to this life—that man, yea all men, are as much the subjects of God's moral government, and within the reach of his mercy, and the power of his grace, in another state of being, as in this—that "whether we live, we live unto the Lord, or whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's"—and does it not appear reasonable and scriptural to suppose that God will render to all men according to their works, punishments to the guilty, rewards to the virtuous,—that having all means at his command, he will humble the proud, subdue the impenitent, instruct the ignorant, reconcile the irreconciled, and having rendered equal justice to all, none of them having the least claims to endless bliss, bestow on all alike at last, through *grace alone*, the *free gift* of eternal life and endless beatitude?

But we might, it is true, have spared ourself the labor of these deductions, so far as an answer to Mr. K.'s supposition was concerned, by simply referring him to his *own creed*, which is purely Calvinistic. If he believes, as that maintains, that "by the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated to everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death"—that "these angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished," and all this "without any foresight of faith or good works"—why, we have only to say, in reply to his *supposed case*, that if the murderous assassin were one of the *elect*, he would go to heaven of course, whether he repented and was converted, or not, even though he might die with his hands reeking in the blood of innocence! And if the innocent, virtuous man were a *reprobate*, he would be sure to go to an endless hell, even though he might have been as devout as St. Paul and as pure as an angel!

Does it not look superlatively ridiculous, for a man who believes in *such* a theory, to bring up such suppositions as Mr. K.'s, to talk about the *works* or *character of men* being the pivot on which their *eternal destiny* turns, and bluster so loudly, and harp so perpetually about "licentious doctrine," "destructive heresy," &c.? S.

[*For the Magazine and Advocate.*]

CAPT. PURRINGTON.

The following is copied from a book written by John Colby, formerly of Sutton, Vermont, pages 255 and 256.

"Tuesday I sat off for Montville, and travelled that day as far as New-Gloucester. The next day I travelled to Augusta, situated on Kennebeck River. Thursday morning I took a walk into the grave-yard to see the graves of the family of Capt. James Purrington, who were cruelly butchered by himself in cool blood, under a mistaken frenzy or notion that every body would be saved and the sooner they got out of this troublesome world the better. This horrid crime was committed on the 8th of July, A. D. 1806; he killed his wife and seven children, and would have killed the eighth, and the only one left, had he not fortunately made his escape after being struck at twice or thrice with an axe by his father. Here lay the remains of the mangled mother, and her seven butchered children, in their silent graves, all regardless of the frequent visits and tears of an only surviving son and brother—and there in the highway, over against the grave of the murdered family, was the grave of the perpetrator. Nature itself recoiled at the spectacle, and my heart felt deeply wounded while considering the awful effects of sin and the sad consequences of false and fatal doctrines."

The said Colby was a Freewill Baptist, and now friends Skinner and Grosh, I cannot believe that a father could butcher his wife and seven children when in cold blood, and because he believed in the final salvation of "every body." The more probable cause, I apprehend, was the belief of John Calvin's doctrine, not the doctrine of St. Paul, who preached and believed in Christ as the Saviour, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time—who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. My wish is to have information, how much of the story is true, and that you would request information from some of your readers in that section of country—as it is possible that there are living witnesses of the horrid deed. A. D.

North East, Erie county, Pa., January 15, 1833.

REPLY.

For the immediate satisfaction of Br. D., I will give him a small portion of information on this subject which I elicited by a correspondence with my Presbyterian Brother, Rev. O. Douglass, of Marietta, Pa., in 1828. Mr. Douglass had asserted the same tale as is recorded in Mr. Colby's book. I called on him for names, dates and residence. After much hesitation, he attempted to substantiate his tale by reading from several old printed

PRINT IN B

papers, which he pompously displayed from the pulpit, the facts of which, the following is a correct summary. There was such a man as Purrington, residing as above stated, who believing that he was getting very poor, would be unable to fodder his stock and to maintain his family, was driven to insanity, slew his wife and children, and terminated his own existence. As Mr. Douglass did not even attempt to prove that Purrington was a Universalist, and that he was driven to these acts *by his belief* in Universalism, he was considered, by many of his own congregation, as giving up the very point in dispute between us—more especially as his explanation *contradicted* outright his tale in some other particulars. The Correspondence between us was published in the Olive Branch, then (1828) issued in New-York, and elicited a notice in some of our Eastern periodicals. By these I learned that Captain Purrington, so far from being a Universalist, generally attended the Methodist meetings in his neighborhood—sometimes the Calvinistic meetings—but never, I believe, was considered even favorable to Universalism until *after* his tragical end, when such a report was started by some bigots for proselyting effect on the public mind. But even in the first stages of the report, the authors thereof were not hardy enough to say that Purrington did these deeds *because* he was a Universalist—but merely that *he was* one. An almanac for the year 1807 or '8, published in Philadelphia, contained an account of Purrington's end, said he was a Universalist, but assigned worldly troubles as the cause of his insanity. It was reserved for Messrs. Douglass and Colby to add *Universalism* as *the cause.*

If I have stated aught which is untrue, I hereby request the brethren at the East, who may be able, to advise me of it, and I will correct my statement. Till then I shall rest satisfied with my past proceedings in relation to this subject. G.

MORE NEW MEETING-HOUSES.

We are happy to learn that the Universalists in Charleston, Saratoga county, have lately organized themselves into a society, and are calculating on erecting a house for public worship, during the coming season.

The Universalist society in Schenectady, also lately organized, we understand are getting the materials together for the same laudable purpose of erecting a meeting-house for the worship of that God "who is the Saviour of all men." Br. T. J. Whitcomb labors in word and doctrine, to both the above named societies.

Br. I. D. Williamson, of Albany, also states, in the last Gospel Anchor, that the Universalists of that city, who now own a small church in the south part of the city, feeling the need of a larger house more centrally situated, in order to accommodate their rapidly increasing numbers, have purchased a lot in the heart of the city and already have about $5000 subscribed towards erecting a new and elegant house, to be built of brick, about seventy-five feet in length by forty-eight in breadth.—Our cause, both in Albany and Troy, where Brs. Le Fevre and Williamson preach, is in a highly prosperous state: and our prayer to God is, that they may go on prospering and to prosper still more. S.

Our agent at Newburgh and Fishkill Landing is informed that each number of this paper is regularly mailed to all Postoffices where we send it, *on the week it is printed;* and therefore if subscribers in those places do not get their papers in the order in which they are printed—if they received No. 5 before the 3d and 4th numbers, the fault must have been, not ours, but the Postmasters.—Let it be distinctly understood too, that no Postmaster has a right to detain papers, either on their way or after their arrival; nor has he any right to lend them or let them go into any other hand but the owner's, or one duly authorized by him to receive them. If our agent, or either Postmaster, will inform us at *which* of the two places (Newburgh or Fishkill Landing) the first number has not been received, it shall be forwarded forthwith. S.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"Lowville, January 17, 1833.

"Messrs. Editors—I have been of the opinion, (which you stated in your second number,) for some time, that the spread of Universalism depends much upon the spread of our publications, and have therefore bought, at your office, within the last year, publications to the amount of sixteen dollars, and they have been earnestly read by many; and I believe if our brethren would be more engaged in purchasing and extending the circulation of our publications, particularly where they have no preaching, and even where there is preaching, many would read Universalist books, when they would not be seen hearing a Universalist preach, and would be led to believe that God is good to all, and is able to save all, and that it is his will that all should be saved, and that he will do his will. P. S. S."

"Swanton, February 10, 1833.

"Br. Skinner—I have just arrived in this village, (Swanton Falls,) where I am engaged to preach one-half the time, for one year—three-fourths of my time is taken up in this town, the remaining quarter I expect to preach in an adjoining town.—Our friends here own half of a commodious and neat house of worship, and although the Presbyterians have made a vigorous attempt to exclude us from it, we have boldly asserted our rights and shall maintain the same. The Universalists in this town are quite numerous and wide awake.

"I think I shall soon be able to obtain a few new subscribers to your valuable paper.

E. Ballou."

HORRIBLE EFFECTS OF FANATICISM.

"Lawrenceville, St. Lawrence county, February 1, 1833.

"Br. Skinner—As I have a few leisure moments, I readily improve them to inform you of the proceedings of the Limitarians in our village, as they openly avowed their intention to destroy Universalism.

"That celebrated dealer in brimstone, *Luther Lee*, appointed a three days meeting, and word was given out, that on the second day, Mr. L. would preach a sermon that would completely destroy Universalism. The Universalists generally attended. After the discourse, Mr. John Ferris offered Mr. Lee, five dollars for a copy of his sermon fitted for the press: but he utterly refused to grant the request. The meeting, however, I think was productive of some good. Several that were wavering before, are now firm in the belief of the ultimate holiness and happiness of all mankind.

"The Presbyterians next followed with a three days meeting. But no converts to endless misery were gained at either of the aforesaid meetings.

"The next meeting of the kind was appointed by the Baptists—they had the success to gain, or reclaim some old backsliders, and some women and children. The Presbyterians next proposed a *union meeting*, to be composed of the three above named denominations. Now success was certain—the meeting held four days—some converts or proselytes were gained; the most remarkable of whom was a young man by the name of *Hubbard*. He had been a member of the Presbyterian church for six or seven years. He now declared that he never knew any thing about religion before; that he had arrived to perfection, was sanctified and could sin no more. I told the people the man was crazy; but they declared he was in his *right mind, and a zealous Christian!* He then ordered the brethren to kneel down, and he would pray for *me*, or as he called me, a '*poor damned Universalist.*' His order was obeyed, and he commenced praying in the following words: '*O Lord, God Almighty, strike this poor damned Universalist instantly blind,*' (the brethren cried *amen,*) '*or I will swear by Jesus Christ, that what thou hast said in thy word is false!*'

"After this most horrid imprecation was uttered, I remarked to him that his God did not hear him. He then struck me on the cheek—I immediately turned the other, and told him to strike that also. The brethren then collected around him and broke up the meeting.

"The next and last *distracting* meeting in our town, was appointed for the exclusive benefit of the Methodists, (they not getting their *share* of the converts at the *union* meeting.) It was spread far and wide that such a meeting was to be held in the west part of our town, for said purpose. The time arrived, and the people collected—the priests also appeared, and commenced their unhallowed railings against Universalists, and the unregenerate. Wonderful success was reported—sinners were converted and baptized without delay. But the most wonderful convert was *George Everett*, a man in easy circumstances before the said meeting. *He is now a raving maniac, and no hopes are entertained of his recovery!* This is not the only case of mania in our town, in consequence of such meetings. There is likewise a case of insanity in Mona, the town east of ours, and one in Stockholm, the town west of ours, which has terminated in death, all in consequence of *distracted* and *distracting meetings.*

"The above are facts which can be proved by ample and undoubted testimony.

"Yours in sincerity,

Josiah F. Sanders."

Such expressions appear absolutely too horrid to be put on paper, or in type, much more, to be *spoken* under *pretence of religion:* and our only apology for giving them publicity, is the desire of warning community against such fanaticism and wickedness, and exhibiting the deformity of modern superstition. S.

New subscribers can be furnished with all the back numbers of the present volume. We can also furnish complete files of the last (third) volume. S.

Mr. Joseph W. Ingraham is now delivering an interesting course of lectures on the Land of Palestine, in the Dutch Reformed Church in this city. We have no room for remarks.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

The Senior Editor will deliver a lecture at Camillus, on Tuesday evening next—and at the Baptist meeting-house in Auburn, on Wednesday evening next.

Br. Grosh will preach at New-Hartford to-morrow, and lecture in the schoolhouse near Br. W. Underwood's, on the evening of same day.

Br. J. Chase will preach at Mottsville, (in the town of Skaneateles,) on the first Sunday in April—at Elbridge on the second Sunday—at Mottsville again on the third Sunday, and at South Onondaga on the fourth Sunday, and continue thus each and every month thro' the year.

Br. D. R. Biddlecom will preach at South Onondaga on the first Sunday in March—at La Fayette the preceding evening—and at Onondaga Hill on the Monday evening following.

Br. S. R. Smith will preach at Bridgewater on the first Sunday in March, (to-morrow,) and on Monday, P. M., will attend with our friends at that place, for the purpose of organizing a Universalist society.

There will be preaching by a Universalist minister at Waterville, to-morrow.

The third Conference within the limits of the Chenango Association, will be held at the Universalist meetinghouse, in the town of Triangle, Broome county, N. Y., on the first Wednesday and following Thursday (6th and 7th) of March. Ministering brethren who can make it convenient are respectfully invited to attend.

Nelson Doolittle.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,

Received at this Office for the week ending on Wednesday last.

R. McK., Hudson, for self and J. L., of Hillsdale—P. M., Mendon, for S. P.—A. B., Jackson, (O.)—E. P., Grand Blank, (M. T.)—S. G. C., Havana—P. M., Belfast, for A. B.—J. M., White Creek, for self, J. A., N. H. and S. M.—P. S. S., Lowville, for S. S.—P. M., Queensbury, for P. B. J.—P. M., North Lansing, for E. B. A.—T. B., Phelps, for N. G.—P. B., Canton, for H. S. and T. B.—H. E., Troy, for A. C., B. B. and G. S.—P. M., Hunter, for A. R. B.—C. S. B., Oxford, for F. P., J. B. S., and J. M. B., of Hurford, (Pa.)—S. H. C. and J. C., Monroe, (M.T.)—H. L. B., Middlefield, (O.) for self and J. B.—A. W., Lenox—O. B., Hornellsville—C. C., Attica, for V. S. C. and E. T. S. [double postage, half paid.]—P. M., Knox, for E. S., J. S., S. H. G., C. W., J. B., W. C. T., R. C. and J. M.—P. M., Greenfield, for G. R. and S. G.—C. N. S., Russellville, (Ala.)—P. M., Russellville, (Ala.) for J. H. B.—H. W. H., Decatur, (Ala.) for J. E., G. K., W. D., and M. M. McK.—P. M., Madrid, for J. F. J. B.—J. M., Minden—T. T., Griffin's Mills, for J. W., S. C., H. H. and S. M.—J. R., Hudson [Draft on H. R. Bank]—J. B., Waton, for K. M. and J. B—J. S. F., York, for J. R., R. S., and J. W. W.—P. M., Lyme, (O.) for Z. S., H. T. P., N. S., H. L., L. E. S., E. B., and G. S.—P. M., Swan's Corners, for O. H. and L. H.—A. E., Belleona—P. M., East Peirpont, for self and J. P. D.—P. M., South Marcellus, for O. S. and N. S.—C. B. B., Mexico, for A. K.—A. M. H., Pamelia Four Corners—D. S., Richland, for self, O. R. and W. Y.

NT IN BINDING

POETRY.

THE PROCESSION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"The peace which passeth all understanding" disclosed itself in her looks and movements. It lay on her countenance like a steady unshadowed moonlight.—*Coleridge.*

There were trampling sounds of many feet,
And music rushed through the crow'ded street;
Proud music such as tells the sky,
Of a chief returned from victory.

There were banners to the wind unroll'd,
With haughty words on each blazon'd fold;
High battle names which had rung of yore,
When lances clashed on the Syrian shore.

Borne from their dwellings, green and lone,
There were flowers on the pathway strown;
And wheels that crushed as they swept along—
Oh what doth the violet amongst the throng?

I saw, where a bright procession pass'd,
The gates of a minster old and vast,
And a king to his crowning place was led
Through a sculptur'd line of the warrior dead.

I saw, far gleaming, the long array
Of trophies on those high tombs that lay,
And the color'd light that wrapp'd them all,
Rich, deep and sad, as a royal pall.

But a holier grave scene met my eye,
Away from th' ancestral pageantry;
A grave by the lordly minster's gate,
Unhonor'd, and yet not desolate.

It was but a dewy greensward bed,
Meet for the rest of a peasant head;
But Love—Oh! lovelier than all beside!
That lone place guarded and glorified!

For a gentle form stood watching there,
Young, but how sorrowfully fair!
Keeping the flowers of that holy spot,
That reckless feet might profane them not.

Clear, pale and clear, was the tender cheek,
And her eye, though tearful, serenely meek;
And I deemed by its lifted gaze of love,
That her heart's sad treasure was all above.

For alone she seem'd midst the throng to be,
Like a bird of the waves far away at sea,
Alone, in a mourner's vest array'd,
And with folded hands, e'en as if she pray'd.

It faded before me, that mosque of pride,
The haughty swell of the music died;
Banner, and armor, and tossing plume,
All melted away in the twilight's gloom,

But that orphan form, with its willowy grace,
And the speaking prayer in that pale, calm face,
Still, o'er my thoughts in the night-hour glide:
—Oh! Love is lovelier than all beside!

[*For the Magazine and Advocate.*]

LINES

On the death of J. A., son of Jonathan and Lucy Maria Hunt, who died in Watertown, August 13th, 1832, aged thirteen months.

Dear child, thy parents' fond embrace
Plead fervent for thy stay;
But thou hast sought thy Saviour's face,
To bask in endless day.

Early thou'st left earth's sterile waste,
For everlasting Spring;
With saints the joys of heaven to taste,
With saints his praise to sing.

With meekness may we kiss the rod,
Our Father's hand hath given,
And bless with thee, our Saviour God,
Who said, "of such is heaven." A.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

A writer in the New-York Mirror, gives this lament of an Indian Warrior of the Yamassee tribe over the graves of his fathers, and the recollections and affections of his youth. It is "the majesty of grief without its weakness."

"They are gone—all gone—the morning finds them not; the night covers them. My feet have no companion in the chase, the hollow rocks give me back only their echoes. Washattee! where art thou? On the far hills—thou hast found the valley of joy, and the plum groves that are forever in bloom. Who shall find thy bones, my brother; who take off thy spoils? Thou art all untended in the valley of joy, and the ghosts of the slain bend about thee with many frowns. Where is the maid of thy bosom? Comes she with the smoking venison? does she dress thy food at the board, where the hunter sits down at the evening? Thou art lain in the morning, Washattee, and thy sun forgot to rise. I sing for thee, the hymn of death—thy war song for many victories. Thou wert mighty in the chase—the high hill did not overcome thee. Thy boyhood was like the manhood of other men; thou did'st not sleep in thy childhood. Well did they name thee young Panther—the might and the eye of the young panther's mother was thine. Sickness fled from thee affrighted, and thou laughed in scorn at the black drinks of Estuto. The strong tide when thou swamest, bore thee not with it; thou did'st put it aside as an infant. Thou wert a long arrow in the chase, as thy flight was on the strong winds. Who shall mate thee, my brother? What chieftain stood up like Washattee? and the day of thy glory is gone, oh Huspah! the father of many kings. Yamassee, where wert thou sleeping when thy name and nation expired! When the belt was burned thou did'st weave them, and the temple of thy spirit overthrown! Huspah, thy day has gone by in darkness, and the strong night is over thee. Can'st thou wake up the brave who are sleeping? Can'st thou undo the eye which is sealed up, and kindle the sharp light that is hidden therein? What shall restore thee, Yamassee; where shall the brave men of Huspah now find their abode? The wild grass has taken root in their dwelling place, and the hill fox burrows under the hearth of the hunter. Thy spirit has no place in the wigwams of thy fathers; silence has made a home of their ruins, and lives lonely among them. O, spirit of many ages, thou art vanished! Thy voice has sunk into an echo, and thy name is whispered on the hill-tops. Thy glories are in the graves of many enemies; thy own grave is unknown. Thou art scattered to the broad winds, and hast fallen upon the waters. They have carried thee down with them, and the hunters of the hill find thee not. A curse has gone forth upon thee, and thou art smitten with death."

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

Of what inestimable value is the Christian's hope! How infinitely does it exceed all the shadowy prospects of the Heathen! Truly has the apostle denominated it —"an anchor to the soul"—a sustaining principle which enables its possessor to endure all the angry storms of life, and to surmount the awful surges of death. It is based upon the ample evidences furnished by the teachings and the example of Jesus Christ, of the truth of the doctrine of a future and a better life. This doctrine is taught with sufficient clearness in the Gospel. "Let not your hearts be troubled—I go to prepare a place for you—that where I am there ye may be also—because I live ye shall live also." In fulfilment of actual predictions, Jesus gave himself a personal example of a resurrection from the dead and an ascension into heaven.—He triumphed over the power of the king of terrors—despoiled death of his power, and arose a victor over the grave. Multitudes saw him after his resurrection, and his ascension was beheld by those most interested in knowing the fact. As he arose, so also shall those for whom he died, arise. He is the first fruits of the dead, the head of every man in whom all shall be made alive.

What but a belief in a future and a happy state of being can sustain the soul under the trials and afflictions incident to this state of existence? Were it not for this, death would indeed have a terrible sound—the utter extinction of being! But by its power light is made to irradiate the darkest scenes of human wo, and to give the afflicted mind the consolation which it needs—a medicine, a cordial, well calculated to revive and sustain the troubled heart. Let those attest to its value, who have deposited in the grave those whom they most loved and prized. For what would they exchange the hope of a future re-union in a purer and a happier world, where death and separation can never come!

Having this hope, let us not be ashamed to profess, nor slow to avow and defend it. Let it serve to purify us even as our Father in heaven is pure. Let it excite in us the most lively and devout affections towards Almighty God—inducing us to trust in his goodness, confide in his wisdom, and obey his commandments.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

EPITHETS.

The meaning of the word *wretch* is one not generally understood. It was originally, and is now in some parts of England, used as a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. This is not the only instance in which words in their present general acceptation bear a very opposite meaning to what they did in Shakspeare's time. The word *wench*, formerly, was not used in that low and vulgar acceptation that it is at present. *Damsel* was the appellation of young ladies of quality, and *dame* a title of distinction. *Knave* once signified a servant; and in an early translation of the New Testament, instead of "Paul the servant," we read "Paul the knave of Jesus Christ." On the other hand, the word *companion*, instead of being the honorable synonyme of associate, occurs in the play of Othello, with the same contemptuous meaning which we now affix, in its abusive sense, to the word "fellow;" for Emilia, perceiving that some secret villain had aspersed the character of the virtuous Desdemona, thus indignantly exclaims:—

"O, heaven! that such *companions* thou'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world."

Some years since, a man who had more spare money than good sense, suffered himself to be sued for a debt of about two dollars. Enraged at the audacity of the plaintiff, he resolved to put every engine of the law in motion, "to keep him out of his money," and accordingly applied to a gentleman of the bar for his professional aid to effect the object. After listening to his statement of the case, the attorney demanded a fee of only three dollars, which the defendant promptly paid down, highly gratified with the smallness of the sum required. The attorney went to the magistrate's office, and paid the debt and costs with the three dollars which he had just received from his client. They met in a few days after, when the man inquired of the attorney whether he had attended to the case, and what had been the result. "Yes," replied the lawyer, "and I have completely *non-suited* the plaintiff—he'll never trouble you any more."

Louis the Fourteenth of France, playing at back-gammon, had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and all the courtiers remained silent. The Count de Grammont came in that instant. "Decide the matter," said the King to him. "Sire, your majesty is in the wrong." "How so," replied the King, "can you decide without knowing the question?" "Yes," said the Count, "because, had the matter been doubtful, all the gentlemen would have given it for your majesty."

MARRIAGES.

At Sauquoit, on the 10th inst., by Rev. B. B. Hotchkin, Mr. Charles Church, of Burlington, to Miss Almira Geer, of the former place.

In Otsego, on the 10th ult., by Rev. Job Potter, Mr. Truman S. Angel, of Cornelia, Jefferson county, to Miss Eliza Babcock, of the former place.

At the same place, on the 14th, by the same, Mr. Henry Bliss, to Miss Hannah Johnson, all of that town.

On the 4th inst., at Butternuts, by Rev. W. Bullard, Mr. Henry Chapin to Miss Indiana Gallop.

DEATHS.

In Lowville, on the 24th ult., Mr. Jonathan Ball, jr. In noticing the death of this excellent man, it is no more than justice to add, that he lived respected, and died lamented by all who knew him—he was an industrious, respectable and virtuous citizen. His faith "in the restitution of all things" was firm and unwavering. P. S. S.

In Brookfield, on the 5th inst., Mrs. Rachel Gillmore, consort of Mr. John Gillmore, aged 65. She died, as she had long lived, firm and unwavering in the faith of the final holiness and happiness of the whole human family. She found this faith not only good to live by, but *equally* good to die by.—*Com.*

The funeral sermon of Miss Almira Beston, who died December 20, 1832, was delivered in the Episcopal church, in Unadilla village, January 27th, by the writer, from I Cor. xv: 14, to the mourners, and an overflowing congregation of hearers of all denominations.

A funeral sermon was also delivered by the same, on the same day, three miles below Unadilla, on the death of Mr. John Newton, who departed this life sometime last fall. W. Bullard.

THE MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY DOLPHUS SKINNER, *Proprietor.*

TERMS.—To Mail and Office Subscribers, $1.50 per annum in *advance*, or within *three months*; $2 if not paid within *six months*; or $2.50 if not paid *within the year*. No subscription received for less than one year, (unless the money be paid in advance,) nor no paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the Publisher. Agents, or Companies, paying for *eight copies*, are entitled to the *ninth, gratis*. All communications, by mail, to the Editors, must be post-paid, or free. ☞ To City Subscribers, who receive their papers by a carrier, $2 per annum payable in advance.

A. B. GROSH, PRINTER,

Canal Buildings, corner of Seneca and Liberty-streets. ☞ Entrance by the stairs on Seneca-street. ☜